

the great work of evangelization. To be the more systematic in my statement I shall group my observations in the following order: *The Journey, The Country, The Missions.* The journey made, the country passed through, the missions visited.

THE JOURNEY extended to a distance of well nigh one thousand two hundred miles, occupied twenty-eight travelling days, and was performed by some walking, and a good deal of riding in dog sleds. The sixteen dogs, four sleds, four Indians, and two missionaries made up such a procession, as we left in the early morn of December 9th, as would have brought to the front a crowd of spectators had it appeared on King Street, Toronto, instead of the Red River of the North. Let me describe. Foremost of all was "the runner," Jake Savanas, or Southwind, a fat, young Indian, a good runner, a still better feeder. Then came the Rev. E. R. Young, with his valuable train of dogs; and a sled, heavily laden with supplies needed at home. Next in order, my cariole, with its one hundred and eighty pounds, more or less, of humanity; and how much of bedding, clothing, pemmican, etc., etc., I know not; and then two other trains, loaded with flour, pork, and fish, either for use on the trip or to meet the wants of the people at Beren's River. Two of the four teams of dogs and sleds were required for my use, the other two were independent, though "attached," for reasons sufficiently apparent. The dog sled, used as a cariole, is made of thin oak, about an inch thick; fourteen or eighteen inches wide, and about ten or twelve feet long; with the front end turned up like a skate, while the sides and back are made of parchment drawn tightly around a framework, and so hinged to the bottom of the sled as to yield a little when it runs against blocks of ice or trees, and thereby escape being wrecked, even though the passenger experiences an unpleasant squeeze from the collision. The whole thing is very light, and runs easily and

rides smoothly on smooth ice, or a well-beaten road; otherwise, not. My experience in dog sledding was of the following order.—First period,—quite amusing; the thinness of the oak bottom and the pliability of the sides render it a springy sort of thing; and as it runs over an uneven surface, the bottom changing quickly from the straight to the convex, and then to the concave, and back to the straight again—the sides meanwhile working like the leather sides of a bellows, it seems almost like a thing of life, and might easily suggest to a half-awake passenger the idea of his being a sort of second Jonah, who by some hook or crook had got inside some monster, who, though on the ice, was making desperate strides toward an opening, through which to plunge with his victim into his native element, the "vasty deep." Two months before this, to a day, I was enjoying a ride on one of the beautiful and comfortable Pullman cars, between Chicago and St. Paul. Between that ride and this there was but little semblance, save that in each, one is conscious of being strangely jerked, feet foremost, toward some place, he scarcely knows where. The second period,—barely enjoyable, with interruptions; sitting for hours, not as in a chair, but after the fashion of a Jack-knife half open, with an occasional let down, when the sled drops from a cake of ice or log, while the dogs are at a trot, and to be capsized and find oneself as helpless as an Indian babe in a "moss-bag," to say nothing of the cool attentions of Jack Frost, when thermometers indicate forty or fifty degrees below zero. These things act as interruptions to the barely enjoyable in a dog sledder's experience. The third period is one of desire to have done with dog sledding forever. This I reached while yet far away from the home-side end of my journey. The dog train is managed by a driver running behind without any reins, but with many words of which "Yee," "chaugh" and "march" are among the most important, and in some instances, the least objectionable; to these words are